OPERA SIMPLY

Not One Single Society Leader at the Opening Night at the Academy of Music Last Monday.

e year for the alar opera-goers' was the slick and ingenuously untenable excuse made at the Academy of Music Monday night for the highly entertained, but excessively unfashionable audience. "Rather too early in the year for the regular operagoers!" Ha! Ha! Ha! And may I also hasten to add "He! He! He!" It was rather a neat way of putting it, I thought. It was, moreover, a way. For, of course. Colonel Mapleson. who has knocked about the world for so many years, knows \ fust as well as you know, and I know, that the "patrons" of the Metropolitan Opera House, who "gupport" Italian opera so lavishly care about as much for it intrinsically as they care for the that they pretend to look at annually during the ever-advertised display at the Madison It would not have

lone for Colonel Maleson to have made any highly seasoned "break." It would have on the stage, and its atmosphere een madness for him to say boldly that he intended catering of Brady thickly apparent everyone the music lovers of the American metropolis rather than where. He has actually dared to to the "society" ladies who sit around the horseshoe at the Metvo-politan for the sole purpose of displaying their blue-wan busts and their diamond porous plasters. And, of course, hope really does spring eternal in the Metropolitan Opera House. the human breast. The plucky impressule may have cherished a secret con- He will find out his mistake. fidence that some audaciously eccentric snob would in this unconventional at the Academy-Inst one stone's throw from Third avenue. Nothing is im-

possible nowadays. Pigs might fly, but—they don't.

And so the excuse was "Rather too early in the year for the regular opera he is furnishing to New opera-goers"—just as your grocer might say to you, "Rather too early la the year for newly canned vegetables." The argument is perfectly unan-swerable, and its truth is delightfully obvious to all those who have music yawns very obviously. watched the absurdly hysterical and tannely unmusical transports that the costly season at the Metropolitan invariably evokes. In New York music severely alone. Dainty little has its season. The emotions that such a genuinely convincing opera as "Alda" arouses can only be touched at a certain time, in a certain place, and by people who receive fabulous salaries. And such music is not for the common herd. It is dead as soon as it nears the vicinity of Third avenue! It could never flourish on Third avenue. Third avenue, indeed! How low, how common, how gross, and how poverty-stricken the mere name

The whole truth is that the gilded season of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House—to which callow youths refer as New York's crowning glory—has deteriorated to the mere level of the Horse Show at the Madison Square Garden, I might, perhaps, more justifiably say that it has been elevated to the splendid planacle occupied by the Horse Show. Nobody will be ridiculous enough to tell me that society goes to the Horse Show to see the horses, and I don't think that anybody would be rash enough to assert that soclety goes to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear the opera. That would be expecting too much of New York society, which is a weak, insipid and sycophantic reflection of European aristocracy

The people who love muste will all be with Colonel Mapleson at the Academy, and the stigma of Third avenue will not affect them in the least. But those who don't love music, and who go to the Metropolitan Opera House to show their worldly frivols, and just as much flesh as the laws of indecency will permit, will not go near the Academy. "Too early In the season for the regular opera-goers," don't you know. The delight ful performance of "Alda" Monday night was heard by highly respectable people, in clean evening dress-nicely washed and electy combed. They enjoyed It immensely-there was not the least doubt about that-and branded themselves as eternally unworthy of admittance to the golden doors of the Metropolitan, guarded so jealously by the givers of pluk tens and yellow dibners, and blue germans.

The Metropolitan Opera House is nothing in the world but a swell club, to belong to which means a well-regulated aspiration for social distinction. With your box at the Metropolitan you can snap your fingers at the vulgar herd. You are rich: you are pampered, and you belong to the "leisure" classes. There never was a more magnificent institution than this Metropolitan Opera House. It is the very arms of everything patrician as contrasted with everything plebelan. It is the very quintessence, the saturated solution of snobbery, and because opera happens to be given there-instead of bull fights or gladiatorial combats—the "patrons" of the house wish us to believe that they are irrevocably addicted to opera—"given properly." It is the caper to go to the Metropolitan Opera House. And how well Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau knew the guilibility and the snobbery of New York! Could anything have been more inconceivably vulgar, more primitively and barbarically, rude than the diagrams on the programmes showing where the various diamonds could be seen,

Ext little society reporters and reporter-cases hurried about the Academy in quest of swell names for their lists of "among those present." I do it out of sileer curiosity, and as a dity I owe to myself and to my colleagues. If Melha shricked, and Jean de Resike bleated, the people of the Metropassion of music has degenerated into a find, a common foliole, a packed into a find, a common foliole, a vehicle for the exhibition of social lucre, a factory that breeds amurchists and revolutionaries. And the reporters found that "among those present and advectised the limit and advectised the limit as and music." I see a result of the college of equalmity. I feel I must "up and nt" it. It is too much has comerned and to make for their lists of "among those present." I do from the least. It is difficult to realize that the sublime passion of music has degenerated into a find, a common foliole, a vehicle for feeled and as a dity I owe to myself and to my colleagues. If Melha shricked, and Jean de Resike bleated, the people of the Metropassion for the exhibition of social lucre, a factory that breeds amurchists and revolutionaries. And the reporters found that "among those operated and advectised the limit and advectised the find and the bordly directors would must be a success for without a least of explanation. Fortune factored him, but he did a risky things. A person that discovered and advectised the limit and advectised are advected and advectised at that the contract of the part of explanation of explanation. Fortune factory would and a person that do the part of explanation of these artists. And music contract the least of the Paris brought no word were." The body directors would not the contract of the part of explanation and indicating the names attached to the nude bosoms on view?



where. He has actually dared to stories about scenes at the operawill never be woven around the Academy of Music. Opera is Impossible in the Academy of Music. Nothing but common, ie can ever hope for a hearing

A. D. Juilliard, Geo. Peabody Wetmore, John Jacob Astor. E. Dyer, Jr., Edward Cooper, H. McK. Twombly. G. G. Haven. Mrs. A. P. Stokes, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Cornellus N. Bliss, Levi P. Morton, D. O. Mills. S. D. Babcock, A. L. Barber. Mrs. Robert Abbe,

sumed other names, and joined Colonel Mapleson at the Academy of Music, society would give them the cold shoulder, and confront us with the same

statement-"Rather too early in the season for the regular opera-goers."

All the artists I have just mentioned possess big European reputations. They have been patronized by the aristocracy of Europe, of which New

cured at enormous salaries. They are torn away from London, and Paris, and Vienna, and Berlin because the Metropolitan Opera House patrons

covet the most expensive goods in the market, and those that they will

not be troubled about criticising. "The admiration of a great people has an extraordinary power of conviction," says a philosopher. "Even its aberrations it forces with irresistible conviction on other nations." Then it is

such a sweet satisfaction for the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House to know that other nations want and can't get the artists that are singing or their delectation: Even the managers of variety shows know inartistic numan nature enough to enhance the value of their people by stories of

the forfeits they had to pay to come to America, and all that sort of twad-

Melba, Calve and the De Rezzkes stepped, without the slightest trouble

ito just the positions in New York that they held elsewhere. And New

hold these positions here. No criticisms of opera at the Metropolitan are

York, that overdoes everything, of course made it better worth their while

really necessary. In fact, they are a distinct impertinence. It would be

just as idiotic to criticise the Horse Show. Who cares if the horses are lean or fat, black or white, well-bred or ill-bred? They are the exense for a little outing for "society." And at the Metropolitan, who cares for crit-

cism? There are a few world-famous fireworks on view, and what on earth does it matter if the chorases are slovenly, the ensemble inharmoni-

ous, and the general accessories dilapidated? It always amuses me to see shock-headed critics sitting up, proudly Wagnerlan, at the Metropolitan, and to read their dry-as-dust criticisms on the following morning. I believe

York society is a weak, insipid, and sycophantic reflection. They are se

Mrs. Isaac Lawrence Heber R. Bishop. James A. Roosevelt Mrs. Jas. P. Kernochan. Buchanan Winthrop. Mrs. William Astor, William F, Bürden, Adrian Isalin. John E. Parsons, Misses Ogden. Thomas Hitchcock, M. C. D. Borden, Mrs. George Henry Warren, Robert Goelet, W. Seward Webb, Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, John B. Archbold. James L. Higginson,

SOCIETY LEADERS WHO WERE NOT THERE.

W. C. Whitney, Adrian Iselin, Jr. R T. Wilson. Henry A. C. Taylor, Perry Belmont. W. D. Sloane. Elbridge T. Gerry. George S. Bowdoin, A. T. Van Nest. William K. Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan.

Reszke, and Edouard de Reszke, and Nordea, and all the other sorghiels who, by their presence in New York, make up a collection of sanghirls the Academy of Maje. It acrives before the Horse Show. It hasn't a society leg to stand upon. The reputation of its artists must be made here, instead of imported, ready-made, and Leiner as aging to the chastity of a fad that. It mestigatingly assert that if Melba, and Calve, and Jean de Reszke, and Edouard de Reszke, and Nordea, assaging to the chastity of a fad that, like most other fads, grows apace the regular opera grows when a genuine mu Silly people will say to me, "What about Melba, and Calve, and Jeau de | insufficient, for the simple reason that with the hazurkance of ill weeds. There is nothing in this world so hard to demodish as a fad, and when upon that fad the entire social structure inized society leader arise to smite Colonel Mapleson on the jor

Mapleson's "Aida" on Monday right. It would have simplified marters so is none of your business. It is, our recreation, and we give much if he had failed abruptly and irredeemably! It would have been cause it is the correct thing to do. If anybody can invent by such an easy way out of it all. All discussions would have been avoided. seemiler and more apropos, we want that entertainment. and with the statement that "Colonel Mapleson was loudly bissed for his audicious effort to cope with the Metropolitan Opera House" there would have been no occasion to bark and bite. We could all have thought our dittle thinks, but we need not have put ourselves to the trouble of expressing them. The sumptuous revival of "Aida" paves the way to an irritating debate on the subject of real music versus artificial opera. It is really too bad, too exasperating, and just as we are emerging from the fatiguing rumpus of a Presidential campaign. Why did Mapleson come? What induced bim to arrive at a time when the smug and aparticular "consensus of general opinion" was lulling as into the belief that the opera at the Metropolitan was really the thing, and that we were all "patrons of the

If its sway had been uninterrupted we might all in time have been willing to forget the absormal faddery and the incandescent vulgarity of the Metropolitan Opera House senson. But this man Mapleson, itchingly acthe Metropolitan Opera House senson. But this man Mapleson, itchingly active, bobs up again with a deliciously competent company; he gives us "Alda" as it has not been given for decades in this city; all the "opera patterns" stay quicily away, and we are told that it is "rather too early in the year for the regular opera-goers." Now, what is a fellow to do under these circumstances? Goodness knows that there is nobody fonder of a quiet and peaceful life than I am, but I cannot view this opera farce with any degree of equanimity. I feel I must "up and at" it. It is too much for me.

clations with some prince of the royal looking as to be rarely met with.

loes she know about them? brought with them Enropes

with such cut-and-dried ideas.
All you can do is ta-gloss them over with the inconsequential veheer of art, and ing a cuit, because they have full well that the supports are a cut-and the supports are a cut-and the supports. The patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the that the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the that its horse broaden with the patron of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the that its horse broaden to the patron of the Metropolitan Opera House will not the patron of the Metropolitan Opera House will not the proving the patron of the Metropolitan Opera House will not the patron of the Metropolitan Opera House will not the Metropolitan Opera House will not the patron of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take the Metropolitan Opera House will not take Colonel Mapleson's word of the Metropolitan Opera House will not take the Metropolitan Opera House will no

Because

Col.

take Colonel Mapleson's word for it that he has brought over a wonderfully intelligent and intellectually sympathetic opera company. They will not take my word for it. They will not take my body's for it. If the fact were sworn to by recognized musicians on a dozen to the power to appreciate music is been in us, and not coil charitable. Let us not say that we are superior to the Met those were that words because we observe and they don't but us not say that we are superior to the Met those were that words because we have reasing and they don't but us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met those who don't let us not say that we are superior to the Met the word of the let us not say that we are superior to the Met the word of the let us not say that we are superior to the Met that we have the superior to appear the superior to the met the word of the power that the superior to appear the superior to t Bibles, even that would be come because we love music and they don't. Let us not che cy don't care a button whether the Mapleson opera is bad. It is unfortunate deaf and done band blad. My sole grievance is before it, or recoil quickly in disgust. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

I feel a triffe discouraged at the overwhelming excellence of Colonel.

Mr. Wenzell's Clever Drawi

After Charles Dann Gloson, the artist who has been most such illustrating American fashionable life is A. B. Wenzell. A very locallection of drawings by him, entitled "In Vanlty Fair." is pub-R. H. Rossell & Son, who have done a similar service for Gibson occasions. This firm has become famous for its excellent series